

“Maybe we shouldn't have come here,” Abbie bemoaned, now regretting her decision to bring her boyfriend to the local mall. It was something she hadn't visited since the pandemic, and she insisted on Micah accompanying her as she checked out some of her favorite stores. But, to her dismay, overhead and lack of business had closed many of the boutiques and stores she had enjoyed for many years. In fact, the place was relatively dead, barely any shoppers around to be attracted by the remaining chain stores at either end of the building.

“Hey, how about that place?” Micah asked, and the pair looked over to what looked to be a marijuana supply shop, something that had become more commonplace as of late. Neither of them were avid smokers, each trying it during their college days but generally choosing drink as their vice of choice. But, something about its legalization made them curious to try it, and it took them no time to check out the place, being there was nothing interesting for them to check out.

Not too surprisingly, there didn't seem to be anyone else inside, with how few shoppers were in the building, to begin with. It was relatively small, though even a proprietor was absent for the moment. Perhaps they had just stepped out for a moment, and surely there were security cameras and the like. Not that they would steal anything of course, but it was weird to be in the store without anyone else around.

To their surprise, the smell of pot hit their noses then, and looking to find its source, a few small, lit bongs seemed to be present at the back, out of view of the outside of the store. The pair walked over to it, curious why they would be left there. “Hey, look at that!” Abbie said, pointing to a small sign on the table that read ‘Free Samples’. Never hearing anything of the sort in a cannabis store, the two gave each other a curious glance before Micah said, “Shall we?”

Abbie, usually the more adventurous of the two, was game, and they each picked up a bong, looking at them a little unsure. Neither of them had used one before, and it took them a little bit of hesitation before Abbie tried inhaling from the spout, coughing as she inhaled the smoke.

“HA!” Micah laughed at her struggle.

“I'd like to see you do any better!” Abbie said, taking another hit and coughing again, though not as bad as the first one.

Micah, not to be undone, took a hit from his own bong, and sputtered even more than his lover. She, too, started to laugh, and Micah joined her, the laughter loud and infectious. Deep down, both knew they were loud enough to be heard well outside the store. But it was impossible for them to muster up care, given the penchant to laugh over the ridiculousness of the situation.

“I wonder if anyone can hear us?” Abbie laughed again, obviously not caring if that was to be the case.

“I don’t give a fuck!” Micah replied, obviously loving the jovial attitude from even the small amount of weed they'd taken in.

“It’s too fucking funny! Free weed? What a terrible idea!” Abbie said, only now realizing that her mouth felt a little dry, as though she’d swallowed some cotton balls.

“I know. It’s too funneeeehhaaawww!” Came a loud cry from Micah’s throat, one that came out a little hoarse but not something he had any control over. The sound only made the two of them laugh even harder, Micah not caring that his teeth were getting larger in his mouth, incisors almost sticking out of lips that were starting to turn black and rubbery. Abbie’s, too, were growing larger, canines larger than the rest as her teeth sharpened, and tongue grew rough. But she was more concerned with laughing at her boyfriend’s asinine face. He looked like a donkey like the weed had made him...it was too funny!

“HA! Yooooouurrrrooowww look like an ass!” Abby managed to cry out, her own voice warped though not to a point she could care. It was the tingling of hairs at the side of her cheeks that bothered her, and she reached up to touch them, shocked at how sensitive they were. There were dozens of them in all, peppering the skin around a nose that was starting to moisten and flatten.

Meanwhile, Micah was reaching up to touch his hair as it grew coarse, thinning at the sides and bristling down his neck. He rubbed the skin, chuckling and huffing as it tickled the back of his neck, moving against the back of his shirt and wanting him to take it off. He resisted, not high enough to disrobe in public, though only just. By the time it was done, it had formed a fetching Mohawk, though he could only see it if he rolled his eyes upward.

Still, it was the sight of her lover’s feline face, the teeth and nose, and whiskers that drew his attention and made him alight. “HAAWWWW! You’re getting catty on mEEHHHAAAWWW!” Micah said, laughing/braying at her.

“Kiss meeeerroooowww, stud!” Abbie said, finding the sight of her boyfriend sexy as hell, even if he was looking more and more like a jackass. His nose was thickening, the skin rubbery as it moved toward the top of his blackening lips. Slits slid up the sides and breathed in an increasingly asinine stink, one that made her sex quiver. Likely a consequence of the weed, it was hardly a deterrent to her lust as she moved her smaller head toward the massive jackass visage of her boyfriend.

“HHHEEEHHHAAAWWW!” Micah brayed loudly, his own dick rising at the sight of Abbie’s nose continuing to flatten, slits moving up the side, eyes widening and glinting green from their usual brown as they formed more rounded ovals. A light peppering of black fur was playing up her cheeks and the retreating bridge of her nose, though Micah hardly cared, moving in to kiss her with slobbery lips and a mouth that was almost too big for her own feline jaw.

Closing their eyes in their make-out session, the two of them were more aware of the taste of each other’s beastly mouths rather than the changes going through their heads. Still, each of them could feel the changes in their ears making them stretch out into animalistic equivalents. Micah’s stretched longer up his head, bristling against the mohawk on each side as their bases started to rotate and their canals opened wide and bristled with hundreds of longer hairs. A similar thing happened to Abbie’s own, the tips pointed as they widened at the base, twitching with hair growth within.

Eventually, the sensations were enough for them to break the kiss and check out their new bestial appendages. “This is so weird…” Micah said gently, reaching up and touching the asinine ears he possessed. The hairs on them were thicker than the ones on his beard, and they were almost soft, like what he might find on a donkey. Abbie’s were even more so, and the lovers each reached up to touch the ears of the other, curious about the appendages and thinking them to be hilarious, if not quite the trip!

“RRRoooWW about a selfie?” Abbie asked, figuring it would be a funny photo to see themselves acting like the animals the weed made them perceive themselves as. It was so bizarre to think that any drug, cannabis or harder, could make them think they were animals of any kind. They would delight in it later to see what their faces looked like thinking they’d been altered into donkeys and cats respectively.

It was a little difficult to get the two of them into focus, large as their heads had become. Both Micah and Abbie were almost certain their visages were those of their respective animals. Even though the lens of the camera, the same image was reflected back at them. But it was too funny, and both of them guffawed with their bestial intonations as Abbie snapped a few selfies, figuring they would finally look normal once the effects of the weed wore off.

To their surprise and delight, the effects of the weed did just that, as though they’d only inhaled enough for the brief exposure. A tingling ran across their features as though the hair, the ears, and the teeth started to recede. Curious, Abbie reached up to feel her whiskers retracting, sure that she hadn’t really had them but stunned at the realism of the sensations. At least it was what she assumed it would be, sure it wasn’t real. What a trip, regardless!

“Fuck...” Micah muttered, rubbing his lips with a finger surprised that his lips were back to normal. He, too, was left with an odd memory, sure he had started to look like a donkey but confused as to how he’d thought it was so realistic. Damn, if this was what weed was like, or at least how *this* weed was like...

“So sorry, I didn’t see you there! Can I help you with anything?” The sound of a man's voice hit their ears, and the pair looked back, ashamed of what they had done. Though the samples had been free, it was rather embarrassing to be so engrossed with them that they didn’t notice the store owner coming in.

“Um...yeah, do you have any recommendations? Like the samples?” Abbie asked, and the proprietor smiled and pulled a couple of packets from under the counter. “This is a simple blend to start. One of our most popular sells,” he offered, and Abbie and Micah only needed to give each other a glance before buying it. Naturally, they needed a bong as well, and the store owner offered them something in the shape of the one on display, at a discount for them being first-time customers. Not that they expected to be cannabis fanatics with one trip, but the experience had been too exciting, too visceral for them not to take something home with them. A good sales tactic on the behalf of the store owner, indeed!

“When do you want to do this?” Micah asked after they had gotten home, hoping Abbie was as eager to try out the new package as he was.

“Right now!” Was the reply, and Abbie went to work tearing open the set and filling the bong to prepare for the next hit. The previous burst had worn off, and with nothing pressing for them to do this evening, the pair ripped open the set and got to work setting up their next experience. There were no ill effects from their previous trip, after all, so why not take their next one as soon as possible?

Never having used bongs before today, it came as a surprise for the pair of them to know just what they were doing as they placed their blend and went to town. Both coughed heavily, the skunk stink wafting into their apartment and making them a little dizzy from the smoke. But, they acclimated quickly, coughing only a few moments before they let the smoke fill their lungs and waited for the effects to kick in.

“Feel anything?” Micah asked, giggling a little in anticipation.

“You sure are!” Abbie commented, though her own giggling at the end of the sentence seemed to denote the same effect. Both were excited, feeling the laughter and the good feelings from earlier that day washing over them. Part of them was sure it more had to do with the

anticipation than the actual effects of the smoke, but either way, there was no denying its effects were starting to play over them, making them feel loose and giggling.

Wondering what changes they would perceive in each other this time, Abbie and Micah looked at each other with expectation, not noticing at first the darkening lips as they turned gummy in texture. Eventually, their giggling voices turned to the changes that were starting to overcome their faces. It wasn't obvious what they were becoming at first, but the sight of them changing once more was both exciting and elating in equal measure.

“You look hilarious! AARRRROOOOWWW!” Abbie called out, her voice ending in a howl that sounded more like a dog than anything her human self could make.

“I Roo RRRot!” Micah retorted, tongue hanging out of his mouth and starting to pant, dripping drool as he did so. As though to mimic him, Abbie started panting with her own massive tongue, flattened and rounded and almost too large for their still-human mouths.

That was not the only change to overtake them just then as a moistening sensation played over their noses, similar to what they had experienced earlier to the point they simply assumed it was normal. Noses turned black as the two stared at each other, and slits slid up the sides as they drank in the smells around them. At first, it was the odor of weed that overwhelmed their senses. But as the moments passed, there were other odors underneath that caught their attention.

“HAHA! Fuck, rrran I smell!” Micah said, inhaling deeply and ignoring the weed scent as he explored this new ability.

“Rrrot, Rrro I stink? All I can smell is...oh...RrrOH!” Abbie said, the scents of the room collecting in her nostrils and leaving her stunned beyond belief. It was as though she had been blind and the room was lit up with dozens of things she had no idea were present. Like what they had eaten the other day, the garbages they forgot to take out, the-

The sensation of something goosing her pants made her gasp out, and looking down, it seemed that Micah was sniffing her butt through her pants, pushing as though her anus contained a bouquet of flowers that he just had to smell. Truthfully, the information present, as gross as he realized it was, pushed his curiosity to the forefront of his awareness. There was so much there about her diet, her health, and her...receptiveness? Was that the right word? They had made love the night before, and, hell, Micah could even smell *that*!

It was more the action, rather than the smells themselves, that prompted Abbie to get down and try the same thing. Giggling all the while and thinking they were acting more like dogs than anything, she went with the silly actions, sniffing his butt and finding that same aroma of

information that had her breathing in headily. Soon, she was no longer giggling at the silliness of the action and legitimately curious about what Micah's backside could tell him.

The sensation of Abbie's cold nose against his pants promoted Micah's awareness of something that sprang to life from his spine, almost pushing against the back of his pants and subsequently against Abbie's nose. The sensation sent a pleasurable shock up his spine. With that, he tried to wriggle his butt, encouraging the thing in his pants to continue to press against the bindings, preparing to break free. Abbie sniffed with vigor, trying to figure out what exactly was pressing against her nose and what smelled...less like Micah? It did seem that Micah had a particular scent to her new nose beyond her human recollections. And this growth was a little different in its scent than the rest of his body. Its uniqueness had her enamored!

All the while, Micah continues to wriggle his butt, feeling the fleshy growth preparing to burst forth. It was almost to the point of pain for him, though Micah continued to try, wanting to feel it grow through the effects of the weed really were visceral to the point he was growing a...tail? Sniffing butts was one thing, but *damn*, the different strains made him think it was turning into an animal. It would be silly to have his pants rip, and he was likely straining himself, but the giggles soon escaped his lips made him forget, and Micah tried to go with it. There were no ill effects from the first time, so why not just roll with it? Wasn't that the whole point?

No sooner did he let himself go than the stripe of flesh on his backside pushed outward, above his pants, and smacked Abbie in the face. She was stunned by the fleshy appendage, though more so when it started to wag, slapping her in the face as she sniffed it. It still carried Micah's scent, but it was clearly more beastly than anything they'd had before. Abbie giggled a little, realizing what it was and what her boyfriend now had on his backside.

"Ha! Rrrrou have a tail!" Abbie said, reaching up with a curious hand to touch it.

"Rrrhat? Rrrooow!" Micah retorted, not in pain per say, but not expecting he was such a thing besides. It felt bizarre, wagging of its own accord as though an expression of his internal excitement. Something he was more than a little aware of as the thing started to itch, hairs pricking up the back of it. He eventually got up, smacking Abbie once more with the appendage he barely remembered having as he reached around, trying to grab it. Yet, the damn thing kept just out of his reach, and it was a struggle for him to catch the appendage, making him pant in frustration.

"Roouu're acting just Rrrike a Rrroggie!" Abbie laughed, though she, too, was more enamored with the scents wafting off his butt. She was insistent at sniffing, moving around as much as Micah was in an attempt to get to the object of her apparent desire.

Lost in the aroma of her lover's asshole, Abbie was largely ignorant of the changes to her ears. They grew longer, almost too long as they wobbled to the side and flopped over. The irritation was enough to bring her to shift her head a little to try to adjust them. She had indulged too much in canine scents and was too enamored with the anal secretions that dogs so hotly coveted to be too invested in the changes. Still, with the white hair over their surface, and the way they presented themselves on her features, it was obvious to anyone looking that she was on her way of transformation into a poodle.

Eventually, Micah's crusade for his own tail stopped, and his attention turned to his love, who was currently enraptured by the scent of his rear. "Rrrey! Grrive me a turrnn!" He called out, though Abbie didn't seem to notice at first. Eventually, she relented, and Micah took his turn to sniff her rear, getting excited by all her anal glands was telling him. It was even stronger than the overpowering weed smoke, perhaps simply something more enticing to their changed senses.

Like Micah before, Abbie could feel a pressure in her rear coming to the forefront of her awareness, and she reflexively pushed, the thing getting large enough that it was confined in her pants uncomfortably. It took her a few moments in her stoned state to realize what the thing was. She pushed as the thing ragged, moving upward as though seeking escape. It felt amazing she possessed such a thing, a part of her that was nothing like anything a human should have. Amazing that a high could simulate the growth of a tail, in both of them no less. But Abbie was down to go with it whatever happened!

Eventually, the tip of her growth pressed against the underside of her panties, snaking its way out and hitting Micah's seeking nose as it started to wag in its eagerness. Micah seemed not to be bothered, more interested in his partner's anal glands than anything else. Still, it made him giggle in his new gruff voice, saying, "Rrro've got one Rrroo!" Abbie's ears pricked up at that, laughing and barking at the growths they possessed. It was hard for her to tell, but with the white fur and black spots over the tail, it was more than likely he was becoming a Dalmation.

"Hey, we should take another hit!" Abbie said, voice oddly clear as she made her way to the bong, wagging her tail in excitement. After all, the effects had worn off rather quickly the first time, and she didn't want their fun to end just yet.

"How rrrrig of a hit should I take?" Abbie asked, already feeling her tongue starting to move back into her mouth. It didn't seem like they had done enough to really get the full effects of the drug, and, without waiting for Micah's response she took a massive hit, only waiting a few minutes before taking another, and then a third. Surely, that would take the trip further faster, right?

Part of Micah's mind was sure Abbie was overdoing it but with the tingling of his own tongue retreating and the recollection of how quickly the effects had worn off, he was quick to do the same. The weed hit him hard, but he forced himself to take the same amount as she did, wanting to catch up and figuring they were in things together. Both coughed heavily, not used to inhaling the smoke and feeling a little ill as they did so.

The first thing that Abbie noticed, save for her tongue returning to its previously canine state, was a tingling in her hands, and she raised them, showing the pair shrinking fingers, thickened nails, and skin swelling at the tips. Giggling, Abbie tried to move them, realizing she was slowly losing the ability to do so as they reduced toward motionless nubs. Yet, the realization was hardly enough for her to worry, rather forcing a series of guttural giggles to escape her gummy lips.

“RRRelp! Not rroing to rrrse these anymore!” Abbie laughed, watching in fascination as pads swelled from the tips, turning black and making her want to touch them but obviously unable as both hands had changed in tandem. The claws growing from them were pointed, though overall blunt, and it was surreal to watch them forming. They hung on each finger to the point she could feel the weight of them, though had since lost the ability to move them. It was like a bit of webbing had formed between them, making it impossible to move them so much as an inch. That was not the only change to overtake her hands as her palms started to thin, wrists that took her remnant thumbs along with them. By the time they were done, both were staring at perfectly formed dog paws, though rather than fear their loss, Abbie was simply excited she had them, the weed taking effect much faster than their single hit had allowed.

By this point, the changes were starting to play over their bodies to the point their clothes were feeling a little loose. Having the sense to remove them before he lost his hands, Micah took his shirt off, panting to alleviate the heat. The removal of his shirt revealed the source of a persistent itching, and looking down they were in time to see the spreading of white fur, speckled with black spots as would befit his breed. Eager to see it spread, Micah pulled his pants off too, down to his underwear as his legs, belly, and back were being peppered by canine fur. Abbie went to reach out to touch it but then giggled when she realized she did not have hands to do so, causing both of them to burst out with laughter.

The tickling of fur growth was not only confined to the areas they could see as Micah felt his groin hair spring up for a soft canine coat. They tickled his cock, and Micah felt a surge of arousal rushing through him. It was in part due to the stimulation, though also in part to a scent in the air, one underneath the alluring odors of Abbie's anal glands. It was a sweet, heady aroma, as though her sex was blossoming underneath, signaling her fertility and readiness to be bred. No strangers to sex with each other, never before had Micah been so consumed by her scent before that his cock came to full erection, bobbing in his underwear and begging for attention.



“Ah, Rrrs someone Rrrappy to Rrree me?” Abbie said, reaching down with her canine nose to sniff his rod. Micah started to leak furiously, wanting to get his rod within her canine cunt more desperately than he recalled. He would take the bitch, make her his own...even the foreign thoughts felt right in his stoned state, and he started panting, whining from the stimulation of his cock head on his underwear.

Eventually, he had the foresight to pull down his underwear, cock bobbing up and down at full attention. Abbie moved to suck it but then stopped, the sight of it changing before their eyes more fascinating. It started with a feeling of the foreskin pulling away from the shaft and scrunching down around his erection as it continued to poke outward. Some of the new foreskin attached itself to his groin, though he was not in a position to care, more interested as the shaft thinned and pointed, turning as red as a tube of lipstick. Finally, the base started to engorge with blood to the point it looked like a bulb of sorts, the sight of which sent both of them into a giggling fit.

Licking her lips for a moment, Abbie considered licking it, wanting to taste what a canine cock was like on her partner's groin. But a sudden wetness in her crotch made her groan, feeling it adjusting itself within her panties toward the base of her anus, which was repositioning itself just below her tail. The ache in her crotch was powerful, needing to be fucked and bred in the worst possible. It was beyond any lust she had ever known, and, figuring it was a product of the weed, moved to pull down her pants, though was unable with unwieldy canine paws. With that, all she could do was pant her lust and look at her lover, a pleasant expression on her increasingly canine face.

“Rrruut me Rrrlease!” She whined, turning around and literally shoving her ass in Micah's face, hoping he would get the hint. Still having his hands, Micah was quick to pull down her pants and panties, a thick whiff of musk burning into his nose, making him pant his lust. The smell was like nothing he had ever detected before, and his cock was turgid beyond belief, wanting the stimulation from her moist, warm folds. The positioning of her sex was a little off, but Micah made enough sense of it to understand it was in a better position for him.

Micah was a little distracted by the sensation of his feet changing, and kicking off his shoes, not able to keep them on his feet anymore. Heels were stretching, thinning to the point they were barely the width of his calves, which were also diminishing in size. Toes stiffened and shrank, unable to move with the skin between them as their tips become adorned with black pads. A brief ache played over the tips as their nails thickened into claws and the click of them on the floor delighted him beyond even the fear of being unable to move them in the way he was used to.

Yet, the changes were a far cry from the needs in his cock, and there was little reason for the stoned man not to try and mount her with how eager Abbie was to present. A drooling canine tongue went to sample her fluids, the musk, and pheromones more than he could bear. He started lapping with gusto, not even caring when Abbie reflexively peed a little in her eagerness. It was laced with her pheromones, something his canine nose drank in deeply.

Like the animal he perceived he was becoming, Micah could hardly hold back against the urge to mount, and he went with it, getting up and aiming his canine dick towards her cunt lips. Like Abbie's own, his hands were starting to shift, and he went to reach up and groin her back with blunt nails, thankful her back was coated in fur to the point she did not find the process painful. It mattered little with how horny Abbie was, loving sex with Micah usually but needing it in her intoxicated state. It was amazing she could get so wet with how much weed they had smoked, but there was no denying their arousal to the point it was almost maddening.

The moment Micah felt his cock sliding in, he started thrusting desperately, the tingling of change getting more intense around them. It was as though Micah was literally fucking the changes into each of them, but that notion excited them almost as much as the sex itself. They wanted to see how far the changes would go before wearing off, to find out what it was like to think they were going all the way into dogs. Micah didn't mind his fingers shrinking, unable to move them as their nails thickened and their tips and palms formed pads that would help for his eventual four-legged stance. He knew he would need them, cock already inside his love as they continued to perceive they were shrinking, changing toward the dogs they were.

Coming faster now, both Micah and Abbie could feel their chests compressing, barreling outward as their bones shifted within them. It should have been painful, though the two of them still thought the changes to be a result of their warped perceptions. It was impossible to understand how bones could be reshaping and shrinking, organs shifting, bellies stretching, and skin covered with fur. Abbie's shirt was still on, and neither of them had the ability to pull it off with her paws. But even while keeping her lover inside of her, Abbie was able to press down on it with her paws and pulling off, leaving her naked save for the fur covering both of their bodies.

“Rrr Rrrrrrrre Rrrrooo!” Abbie tried to call out, but she couldn't understand the words coming out of her own mouth, much less assumed that Micah could understand them. But she was sure when a corresponding bark came back that he perceived the sentiment, and started thrusting faster, inhumanly so he literally fucked the dog into the two of them.

The next part of the change was by far the most uncomfortable, though was not particularly painful as the rest of the process had been. It started in their hips, pelvises shifting with the muscles and skin to push them forward, putting them on all fours for the perceivable future. Though with Micah's position within his lover, it was a thankful change that allowed him

to push in even further, making Abbie bark out a truly canine cadence as she did so. Her shifting hips, too, allowed her to back into her boyfriend's cock, countering his thrusts and making sure the two of them were in perfect sync as her orgasm built.

With that, shorter thighs and calves were reorientated, knees swelling with skin that merged with that of her belly. Abbie's hind feet altered as well, and she kicked off shoes and socks so as not to get them caught on her new claws. The same became of Micah's backside, though all it did was confirm their stance on all fours. It seemed bizarre the weed would allow them to think their very bones were shifting to become quadrupeds, but there was no denying the sensations were just that. To cement their forms on fours, their shoulders cracked and their riddles readjusted to the point their arms were situated under themselves like the canines they were becoming. Arms thinning and shrinking put them in line with their back legs, though in the midst of their rut, it was hard to perceive how they would stand in their new forms.

All that remained of their human forms, as well as they could perceive over the high and the sexual pleasures, were their heads, though that was soon to change. Hair was shortened into their scalps for heads of canine hair. Itching spread across their faces as the coats grew in, and a series of pops and cracks of bone and muscle pushed out to finally accommodate panting tongues. Though it was hardly a deterrent for their fucking, and tongues were long enough to pant to alleviate the heat as the two dogs fucked and rutted and reveled in the pleasures of being stoned as well as thinking themselves to be dogs. It was hard to mind, even as their skulls compressed and their abilities to contemplate things were absent enough for them to fully live in the moment in a way that humans seldom did.

Pushing at her opening, the bulb he had seen prior seemed a little too big for her, and Micah pushed stubbornly, wanting that stimulation he felt should be granted him. Abbie's lips were wet and ready, the size of the knot something that a canine such as herself could take. And she, too, felt the compulsion to take it inside her, wanting as much of her lover as Abbie could take. Pressing out her lips, a wet pop was a sign that Micah's knot was brought inside of her, making them both cry out with a canine bark of lust.

With that penetration, there was little hope of Micah's resisting the oncoming orgasm, feeling the similar yet alien sensation of his end building up. But it was Abbie to cum first, her quivering lips gripping his cock harder than anything Micah had ever felt before. Waves of pleasure cascaded through her body as her vibrations brought her lover with her. Micah howled before Abbie was treated to the sensation of warm cum filling her up, his own rod pulsating and extending her orgasm beyond what she thought possible.

Mind awash in canine hormones, the two of them stayed tied together, Micah trying to pull out but his cock not allowing them to. Stoned out of his mind, he could hardly bring himself

to care, however. Part of him was inclined to think it was natural to be tied to his bitch, another was in a dream state, bizarre it was so visceral that he was a dog and mated to his girlfriend changed dog to boot. But either way, he couldn't deny how amazing, how visceral the sensations were, almost as though he truly was a dog tied to a bitch. He couldn't imagine what they really looked like, but was too stoned to care, so long as Abbie was in this with him, it was no consequence as to how silly they were.

Abbie, too, felt an overwhelming sensation of contentment at her position, thinking of herself as a dog while having the best sex of her life with her lover. It was impossible for her to understand how a dog really thought, but this sensation her mind was awash in seemed to simulate it to the best of her understanding. Hell, it even felt like Micah's knot was inside of her, though, despite how amazing it felt, was starting to get a little troublesome. The part of the high that made her think she was a dog was getting restless. She wanted to go outside, to explore the world with this canine psyche she had evidently developed. She was even getting annoyed at Micah, especially as he tried to pull out and failed, aching her sex and prompting her to growl.

Eventually, Micah's cock did pop out, and Abbie barked, moving to lick his lips in a canine kiss. He barked back, though the two of them could not understand what exactly they were trying to say. Both of them were still high as fuck, and they weren't feeling the sensations of reversion or the high wearing off like they were used to. With that, there was prescient to leave their apartment and explore the world from a canine perspective. Neither of them thought it was a bad idea, given they were likely naked, and for all intents and purposes, dogs. Still, it was easy for them to get out and explore the backyard of their building, running around as soon as they were able to enjoy the feeling of grass under their paws.

Yet, it was the scents of the outside that really did it for them, the world blowing up to their canine senses. The smells of other animals, dogs, humans, soil, rain, and a billion other things their stoned minds had no name for. It took them several minutes of wandering around to really make sense of their surroundings and to fully understand their place in them. In particular, the scents from one of the trees drew Micah's attention, and he went to sniff at it, the scents of other animals and their waste told him more information about their health, condition, and a myriad of things he could hardly comprehend. With that, he was compelled to lift his leg, taking a piss on the tree and drinking in the pungent scent of his self and his health. It was his mark, and carried with it a sense of purpose, to leave a piece of himself for other animals to learn from.

Though she did not have quite the same compulsion, Abbie did get down and piss on the ground, loving the freedom of being able to do so outside. Her high carrying on as it was, Abbie wasn't even concerned over what she was doing to the point it felt natural. A stirring in her bowels made her squat in a different way, not even thinking that she might have to use a toilet. Body in position, she let herself go, defecating on the ground without regard for her

surroundings. Though the smell of her waste should have been offensive, there was something about the odor that attracted her attention, and Abbie went to sniff it, curious about the information it could provide. Scents of foods she had eaten, her health, and a myriad of other things were present that she could have never otherwise know. Seeing what she was up to, Micah walked over, the scent of her waste interesting as well, and drew his nose. It should have been disgusting for the two of them to do something like this, but dogs they were, they just couldn't stop!

Having known Abbie to do the same thing, Micah was prompted to get down and relieve his own bowels, wondering what it would be like to do so outside with no regard for his surroundings. It felt good to take a dump, and the smell of it drew the attention of both dogs once more, sniffing all the information and finally understood why dogs were so interested in other animals' poop, especially when it was fresh!

The sound of something chittering drew both of their ears to rise, and the two dogs looked up to see a squirrel moving on the ground, seeing the two predators and running up the tree. With inhuman speed, the two dogs moved to catch the small animal, though it was, like for most dogs, to be in vain. It did not stop the two of them, from barking and jumping at the tree and being mocked by the squirrel as it moved from one side of the tree to the other, barking as though yelling at the animal. It was maddening for it to be up there, away from where they could play with them. They just wanted to play, right?

“Hey! Shut those dogs up! Get them out of here! No dogs allowed!” Came a loud voice, enough for the two of them to be distressed by their squirrel.

Even with all their canine inclinations, the words were enough to bring them back to their human home and lives, thinking they might have taken too long in their high and starting to formulate cognizant thoughts once more. The reality they were not truly dogs and simply high as fuck was not lost, and their actions in the yard, canine as much as they were, being seen by a man made them powerfully embarrassed. So with that, they ran into their home, going toward the bed and curling up together. In truth, the experience was very fatiguing, and even the vitality from the high and the perceived canine energies left their bodies. The Dalmation, getting onto the bed and curling up, was joined by his poodle mate, curling up on his body and passing out quickly to canine snores. With that, the two were finally robbed of the weed blend's properties, reverting physically to their human selves as much as their previously stoned minds could allow.

It was sometime later that the two of them awoke, naked and in the bed they shared. Memories of what they had done that night were foggy at best, though their strongest recollections were of taking the mixture and getting high as fuck. They had acted like dogs-which had been hilarious-to the point they thought they'd even become them! What a crazy

trip! Still, there was one thing the pair were sure of as they snuggled together, sexually satisfied even though they didn't recall everything they'd done on their trip. It would certainly not be the last one, and they couldn't wait till the next time they could try another blend!